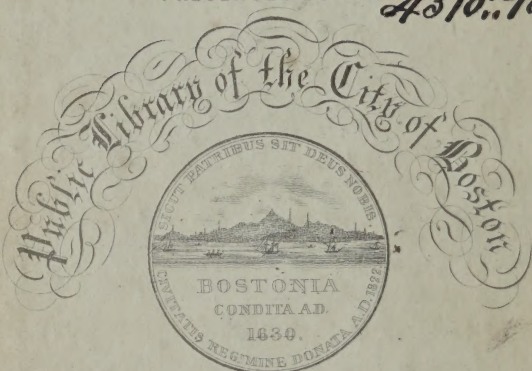


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HOSPITAL SCENES

AFTER

THE BATTLE

OF *63134*

GETTYSBURG.

JULY, 1863.



BY

THE PATRIOT DAUGHTERS OF LANCASTER.

—◆◆—
DAILY INQUIRER STEAM JOB PRINT.

1864.



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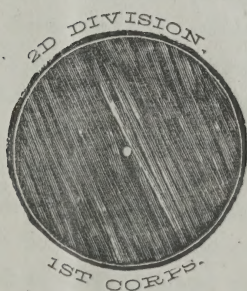
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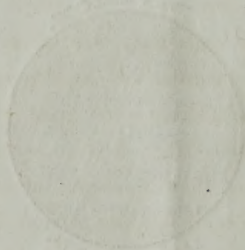
HORTON & KENNEDY

THE NEW YORK

HOSPITAL

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NEW YORK



HOSPITAL SCENES

AFTER

THE BATTLE OF GETTYSBURG.

JULY, 1863.

It was a lovely June evening, when after having entertained a party of friends, I drove them into town, never dreaming of the state into which the usually quiet city had been plunged during the day. The first announcement made was, "the rebels are coming—they are at Columbia!" Their proximity was rather alarming. Truly, the quiet inhabitants of Lancaster had undergone a change; every one seemed intent on accomplishing some great object; what it was, I had some difficulty in discovering; first, to secrete everything they could from the invaders, and then to secrete themselves, or at least to send the timid members of their families to more distant cities. The stores were sending away their entire contents; droves of horses from the interior of the State were passing through to places of greater security, and their drivers were adding to the general consternation by telling of the doings of Lee's army in Franklin and Adams counties, how horses and cattle were stolen, how even boys were made to drive them back, how the grain had all been taken, and how York had been required to pay a hundred thousand dollars ransom. Things

did begin to look serious. What would be the fate of Lancaster county, with her well known stock and barns? We really began to tremble. Then came the Governor's call for troops and we had little time to think of ourselves; there were others to be cared for. The boys were to be fitted out, haversacks were to be made and filled, shirts and stockings prepared, and the many nameless etceteras provided. Then after our own had been supplied, both benevolence and patriotism dictated to think of others. Accordingly the society's rooms were opened, and all of us worked for our less fortunate soldiers, who had neither mothers nor sisters to interest themselves in their behalf. And as we worked, the sad, quiet expression of all faces told of the deep interest felt. To be sure, it was no new thing to meet and work; this had been done since the commencement of the war. Regiments had been furnished, hospitals supplied, returning regiments had been welcomed; in fact we have done what we could. But now each felt as if they were working for their homes, and for those who were going forth to protect them.

So the days passed slowly by. All who could get away from the city had gone, and the place, never very gay, now assumed the quiet aspect of despair. Its deep gloom was only interrupted by the passing through of thousands of troops for the defense of the State Capital, and the arrival of Milroy's wagon train, who were retreating from Winchester, exhausted and sorely smarting under their late defeat.— They encamped on an adjoining field, dusty and weary; their fires were soon lighted, and as their haversacks supplied both the utensils and materials for cooking, their preparations were soon completed.

We had taken care of the sick ones and fed as many of the others as we could, and after tea walked up, to try and find out if possible something of our expected enemy. They all had the same tale to tell, of hurried marches, jaded minds and exhausted bodies, and looked forward to a rest here for a few days, with evident satisfaction. But their pleasing anticipations were soon to be dissipated, for before morning the order came to break up camp, and by daylight they were many, many miles away.

This, to us, was one of the most eventful nights of the invasion.—

The bridge at Columbia was fired early in the evening, and though ten miles distant, we saw it distinctly. No lovelier evening can be imagined. The moon was shining in the clear and cloudless sky, and the lurid flashes from the burning bridge gave every thing an almost supernatural appearance. During the still hours of that summer night, we watched and waited, not knowing what the morrow would bring forth. The morning came, and with it the welcome intelligence that the burnt bridge had stopped the career of the invaders; and that finding no crossing, they had been obliged to retrace their steps, but that at any moment news of a severe battle might be expected. A few days brought the intelligence that a battle was in progress at Gettysburg and that Reynolds, our own brave Reynolds, had fallen! This was all; but it was enough to make us sad, and earnest, and grateful, that we had been spared from all the horrors of scenes which we knew were being enacted near enough to make us tremble. The two succeeding days were passed at the rooms of the society, in constant labor, preparing for the expected demands. Many boxes were packed and the gentlemen who volunteered to take our supplies to the battlefield, were furnished with whatever was requisite to assist them in their sad duties; and we were amply repaid for all our labors, by knowing that *our stores were the first that arrived on the battle-field*, arriving at a time when thousands were suffering and dying—dying there in a country that had been robbed of everything by the invaders, and in the midst of people, who were almost paralyzed by the dreadful scenes through which they had passed. The stores were given into the hands of the Christian Commission, with the proviso that our delegates were to have access to them, and use whatever they required. In return, this noble society shared their room with us, and when their Hospital stores arrived, made us heartily welcome to everything they had. The last of our goods had been despatched, the excitement of the week had subsided, the rooms were cleared from the litter of preparation, and two or three of our most active members were commissioned to devise plans for the future. A driving chilly storm had set in to add to the gloom and we talked over and pictured to ourselves, the situation of our poor soldiers exposed as

they must be, to the inclemency of the weather. At last there was a thought-pause, when one of us suggested that we ought to go to Gettysburg ourselves, for if ever our services as a society were needed, it was now. At first, all the difficulties of the undertaking were presented; and indeed they seemed insurmountable; for railroad communication had been stopped and we could procure no vehicles, all having been pressed into service, by those who had gone for the laudable purpose of seeing that most horrible of all spectacles, a battle-field.

We had almost given it up in despair, when Mr. Slagel, (a nephew of our kind and most excellent president, Mrs. Hubley,) came in; he said he had brought eleven horses and his wagon and carriage to Lancaster county when the rebels were expected, and if we thought of going to Gettysburg, he would gladly take us and our stores to Adams county to-morrow, if we could be ready. Our preparations were soon completed, and the next morning, though it rained in torrents, we started, a sad-looking party, but not looking any gloomier than we felt. Before arriving at Columbia, however, the sun began to shine at intervals, and with the change of the weather, came more hopeful anticipations. Soon the Susquehanna hills were seen in the distance, and knowing that the loss of the bridge had been supplied by a boat, we trusted that we should be quickly ferried across, and before dark, be many miles on our way to York. But the more haste the less speed, says the proverb; and we found it so, for the boat had already gone over, and we waited patiently for its return. Our party was not alone in this severe trial of patience, for the wharf was crowded with a motley mass of men, wagons and horses, forcibly reminding one of scenes in California, when the golden attractions of that famous land drew so many to its shores.

The Captain assured us that his orders were to forward immediately all hospital stores and nurses, and that he should make every effort to do so. But he was not consulted; for the moment the boat touched the shore, many who had been waiting since morning, jumped aboard and could not be dislodged. There we sat, and saw the boat float out in the distance, and woman-like only gave up, when the Captain told us he should make no more trips that day, as the river was too high.

We were sadly disappointed, and fully realized what a barrier our noble river had been to the progress of the invading hordes, and with what feelings they must have left its lovely banks. Here we ate our supper, and commenced our career in soldier-life.

I fear we presented a rather miserable appearance. The horses were embedded in the mud, and from want of use, and their sojourn on our plentiful farms, evinced their distaste to the four hour's detention. by plunging about in the most frantic manner, bespattering us with the liquid mud. It was very humiliating to present ourselves at the hotel in this style; but there was no alternative. There we had to remain until the next morning. We improved the hours before retiring in contracting the number of our packages; for five of us had been restricted to one small trunk; and though all had repeatedly declared that "they had nothing to wear," yet in unpacking the contents of the carriage, we found it truly alarming, and it required no small amount of management to bring order out of chaos. At last every thing was satisfactorily arranged, and with many injunctions to the little contraband, (who seemed to have supreme control of the arrangements at the Hotel) to call us early, we commended ourselves to the protecting care of a kind Providence, and slept.

The morning sun rose in a clear cloudless sky, and the beauty of this noble river never seemed so resplendant. Five o'clock found us at the appointed place, together with many others who had been there the day before, besides large accessions of new arrivals. Fortunately our horses were put on the flat, and ourselves in the carriages on the boat. There we ate our breakfast, waited four long hours, and arrived at Wrightsville at ten o'clock. As soon as we entered the place, we saw traces of our unwelcome guests; a large house, near the bridge was destroyed, and in passing through the main street, we saw many houses perforated by shot and shell. All around were rifle-pits thrown up, and there were many signs of war. But after leaving Wrightsville, (though the entire distance was traversed by the foe,) there were no depredations committed, not even a rail from any of the fences disturbed, showing the strict discipline under which they were kept, while in this part of the State. Not however, on account of any

regard for us, as one of their Generals asserted while at York; but they knew that if they relaxed their discipline, their army would become so demoralized, that they would lose all control of it. It was twelve o'clock when we arrived at York, where we met some friends returning from the battle-field, who gave us much valuable information as to what we would require. The most pressing want seemed to be tin-ware, wash basins, tin cups, &c., &c., which of course we immediately procured. Here we dined, and though York had anything but an enviable reputation during the raid, yet we must bear testimony to the loyalty and kind hospitality of Mr. Alfred Gartman, who, though an entire stranger to most of us, gave us a warm welcome, and a dinner, which in after days, when we were our own cooks and when our store rooms were not always luxuriously supplied, we looked back upon with longing eyes. The day had become excessively hot; and we found that if we went through to Gettysburg, we would arrive there at night, which would be very undesirable; so we accepted Mr. Slagel's kind invitation, and found a cordial welcome to one of the loveliest spots and one of the kindest Christian homes that can be met with anywhere. Mrs. Myers and Mrs. Slagel were unremitting in their attentions, not only during our stay with them, but while at the Hospital, supplying our table every week with the best their farm afforded.

We arose invigorated by a good night's rest, and with a solemn feeling pervading our hearts, of the responsibilities of our undertaking and the nearness of our duties. We felt that God had so far smiled upon us, and would not now desert us, and that in His strength we would go forth. All around was in the height of summer beauty; the birds sang in the clear morning sky, and the stately hills looked down on orchards laden with their crimson fruit. Though late in the season, the harvest was just yielding to the sickle. All here, was beauty, quietness and peace, whilst all beyond was desolation, destruction and war. Here we listened to the sweet songs of birds, whilst within a few miles, the air was laden with shrieks of the wounded and groans of the dying.

We were but a few miles from Gettysburg, when we met the

first ambulance. In it was a wounded Captain, who had received permission, (as his home was in Lancaster County,) to try and reach there if he could; and although severely wounded, and the motion of the ambulance caused him great pain, still he said he was willing to endure it if he could only get home. He had been in the hands of the enemy, until they retreated; they had been very kind to him, and in return, he begged us to take good care of one reb. I promised him that I would, and the promise was kept. Soon we began to meet men who were slightly wounded, all of whom seemed badly clothed and who, when asked if they were hungry, looked so famished and ate what we gave them so ravenously, that we would have distributed among them the entire contents of our box, had not some one reminded us that if we were so liberal we might be without food ourselves in a strange place.

We had now arrived where the railroad intersects the turnpike, two miles from Gettysburg. Burnt cars, half consumed hay, broken telegraph poles, covered the ground; everything was in ruin, and since railroad communication had been opened, Government stores had been left here in considerable abundance. Near this spot the ladies who wrote the little book, "What We Did at Gettysburg," pitched their tents.

Here we caught the first glimpse of this now celebrated place, to which as to the American Waterloo, the patriotic pilgrims will repair, either to drop a tear of fond regret upon the graves of the fallen heroes, or to learn from the noble example of the bravest sons of the Republic, who there stood like a wall of fire against slavery and rebellion, to do and to dare everything for the maintenance of the Union. It looked very lovely in the distance, surrounded as it is by hills and groves, and every element of natural beauty. And as we gazed upon the white tents of the different Corps' Hospitals, glistening in the bright rays of a July sun, as far as the eye could reach, the scene became intensely interesting.— Here, where now wave upon wave of sorrow rolled over the suffering thousands, that lay in these tents crippled or dying; here upon these very fields and valleys, had stood but a few days before, like a dense

forest, the dark masses of contending hosts in fiercest conflict; here where nature had put on her gaudiest livery, and vied to show forth her Creator's glory, man in his perverseness had converted this lovely scene into a veritable Aceldama—a field of blood.

It was about ten o'clock in the morning before we entered Gettysburg, and a more distressing scene can hardly be described.—Every house was a hospital, and through the open doors and windows were seen wounded men in every attitude. People were going from house to house with hasty steps and distressed countenances, as though their whole business was to care for these poor sufferers.—Long trains of ambulances were conveying the less severely wounded to the depot, and those who were able, were hobbling along on their crutches as best they could. Rebel prisoners in squads of two or three hundred, with picks and spades were starting out, under guard, to bury their dead. Sisters of Charity were pressing on, intent on their duties. Into the midst of all this confusion and excitement, we were ushered, not knowing whether we should find any charitable enough to give us a night's lodgings, or whether we could even find a spot on which to unload our supplies. We drove direct to the rooms of the Christian Commission, where we met one of our delegates, and remained in our carriages, until he found a room in which to put us. We were just giving up in despair, feeling as though we could not in any sense or anywhere be accommodated, when Mr. Cover kindly offered us the use of his office, which though small, he said we were welcome to until we could do better.

Here we stayed and awaited the arrival of the wagons containing our stores, and as we could do nothing until they came, we took advantage of their detention, and walked up to Cemetery Hill—the scene of the heaviest part of the conflict. It is a lovely spot, and though the battle here was terrific, the havoc was not as great as we expected, as our soldiers had carefully laid down the highest monuments. The destruction was most apparent among the iron railings, which were bent and broken into the smallest pieces. All around us were newly made graves, where slept the noble heroes who, a few days previous had fallen on this bloody field. From this

point we had the most extensive view of the whole of the celebrated "Gettysburg battle-field." Here we gazed with over-powering awe upon those scenes that will become classic in the history of the world, to which the feet of travellers from other climes will reverently bend, as they now visit Austerlitz, Wagram, Marengo, or Waterloo, to not one of which it will yield in dramatic terror, or in the bravery of its contending legions, or in the sanguinary results of its desperate contest. And then, these scenes themselves, who can adequately describe them? Houses demolished, fences destroyed, tall forest trees mowed down like so many stalks of hemp; artillery wagons crushed, broken muskets scattered in every direction, unused cartridges in immense numbers, balls of all kinds, ramrods and bayonets, bits of clothing, belts, gloves, knapsacks, letters in great quantities, all lying promiscuously on the field; dead horses in great numbers, some torn almost asunder by cannon balls, some pierced in the side by grape shot, and others with their legs completely shot away; some noble chargers apparently kneeling in death, their necks, crested with flowing manes, gracefully arched, as if still proud of the riders on their backs. And then many of the human dead, whose mutilated bodies, still unburied, were lying around in all positions. Some with their hands gently folded on their breasts, others reclining gracefully on their elbows, and others still leaning against trees, stumps or stones, as if wrapped in the arms of sleep, and given over to sweet dreams.

As we passed on, we discovered a group around a fresh grave, one of whom was a mother, who had come many miles to obtain, if possible, the remains of her son. One grave after another had been opened, but the object of her search had not been attained. Having just joined the little band, she looked to us as tho', if we could do nothing for her in her deep affliction, we might have some word of sympathy or consolation. We endeavored, as mothers, to console this deeply sorrowing mother, by pointing her to Him who had said: "Cast thy burden on the Lord, and He will sustain thee;" and by directing her attention to the peaceful scenery and quiet beauty that reigned around, said to her that if any of our sons had fallen here,

we should willingly leave them to their rest, on this memorable spot, until the resurrection morn. Never can we forget the agonized expression of her face, as she replied, "yes, but he was mine, my only son." Silently we mingled our tears, and left her, praying that she might find that solace in her affliction, which God alone can give. /

We had no inclination to see more of the horrors of the battle-field, and no strength to spend in idle curiosity, when our services were so much needed elsewhere, so we retraced our steps, reaching our rooms just as the wagons arrived. In the meantime, Mr. T. Carson, (formerly from Lancaster) had invited two of our party to stay at his house, while the rest found pleasant accommodations, and kind friends in Miss Winrotte and Miss Showers. We thought ourselves highly favored, borrowed a table from a neighbor, and commenced housekeeping. But though our wants were very simple, we had to resort to many expedients; for even a cup of tea and a few boiled eggs are unattainable, with no fire or stove on which to cook them. At last, one of our members, more courageous than the rest, volunteered to ask the family in the next house to boil us a little water; they granted the boon, with the proviso, that we were not to enter the house, but only to go up a long alley and hand in the boiler at the window, which proposition, however, under the circumstances we gladly accepted. In the meantime, our delegation having heard that we had arrived, came in; they were to leave early in the morning, were weary and hungry, and begged for some supper, which we gladly gave them, though not without some sacrifice on our part as all that Mrs. Slagel gave us was consumed, and the next morning found us minus our breakfasts.

We had until now, no systematic plan of action. All of us agreed that it would be better, if possible, to take the entire charge of one Hospital, and as all the Church Hospitals were sadly in want of care, our only difficulty was to decide which should fall to our lot.— Providence decided the point for us, for the only rooms we could obtain, were directly opposite Christ Church, the College Church, which had been occupied since the first day's battle, by the 1st

corps, 2nd division, (Gen. Reynolds' men) designated by the white lozenge on a red flag.

After a good night's rest, we felt prepared to enter upon our duties. Mr. Heinitsh kindly secured our rooms, procured us a stove, assisted in our moving, and then took us over and introduced us to the surgeon in charge. We did not think he gave us a warm reception; perhaps having a prejudice against lady nurses, and afterwards (when by his courtesy and kindness he atoned for whatever coolness he might have shown at first), we used laughingly to tell him, that he looked at us as though we were a set of adventurers. All of which he earnestly disclaimed.

The suit of rooms which we now occupied, were very convenient, but the entrance was by no means imposing; a long narrow alley led to them, as they were in the back building of the house, the front being used as a store. Our accommodations embraced three rooms, a store room, a dining room, and kitchen; as soon as we were settled, we had a board placed over the entrance on which was written in large letters, in chalk: "Patriot Daughters of Lancaster," and our work commenced. We had by tacit agreement arranged that some of us should cook, and prepare delicacies for the sick, while the rest should undertake the nursing. I was one of those upon whom the latter duty devolved. With what trepidation I crossed the street, for the first time, to enter the scene of so much sorrow and anguish, may be more easily imagined than described. Had I stopped one moment to think, my courage would have failed, I would have turned back, but I did not. I walked up to the Hospital steward and told him that it was probable that we should be associated together in our duties for some weeks, and asked him what his patients most needed; his reply was, "every thing." "These men are now lying with the exception of having their wounds dressed, as they were brought in from the battle-field." Some were on a little straw, while most of them had nothing between them and the hard boards, but their old thin, war-worn blankets; the more fortunate ones with their knapsacks under their heads. And when you think that they were almost without exception, serious amputation cases, what must have been

their sufferings. I went back to the rooms, and we all commenced assorting the pillows, shirts, sheets, &c., sending at the same time to the Commissary for some bed sacks, which the men attendants filled with straw.

When our patients were washed and dressed, and placed in their new beds, with a fresh white pillow under their heads, and a sheet thrown over them, they looked their gratitude, which was more eloquent than words. One of us handed them each a handkerchief wet with cologne, and we left them to make arrangements for their supper. Already was it in progress; the tea was already made, and the buttered toast smoking on the stove, and with some nice jelly, kindly sent by those at home, the supper was complete; we took it over and gave it to each. Many having lost their right arm, had to be fed; while some, tempting though the meal was, were too sick to partake of it; all however, even those suffering worst, thanked us over and over again, and could scarcely be made to believe that we were to remain some weeks here, and that they were to be our special care. They all said that they had never met with such kindness, and that that meal had been the first glimpse of home life they had enjoyed since they entered the service two years ago. Thus ended our first day's experience in our new and trying vocation; it was, however simply a beginning; we had only cared for those in the basement of the Church, (forty in number) while above, were a hundred more waiting for our services on the morrow.

The next morning found us early at our post, for it was no small affair, inexperienced as we then were, to have so large a breakfast ready at seven o'clock (the Hospital hour); but it was ready and after it was over, and the very sick ones supplied with lighter nourishment, we felt as though we must go up stairs. The scenes of the day before, had somewhat prepared us; but then the number was small, while here it was overwhelming; still, the same kind services were rendered to all, and by the time they were made comfortable, dinner was ready, of which the whole Hospital partook. Could those at home, who contribute so kindly to our stores, have witnessed the change in the appearance of these poor wounded sufferers, and have

seen their gratitude, I think it would have repaid them for all the sacrifices made in their behalf. Every thing they sent was acceptable, and as day after day passed, and our stores, though sometimes low, never failed, we prayed that God might shower his blessings upon them, and that they might feel that better than *gold* is the consciousness of doing good.

And now as we are fairly started, perhaps it will interest some to know, of what our bill of fare consisted; in the morning, of tea and toast, with soft boiled eggs; dinner, chicken or mutton soup; the chicken and mutton were given to the convalescent, and the soup to those who were very sick, always two vegetables, and sometimes a simple pudding; for supper, tea, with stewed fruit, and buns. It was very simple; but when you think that it was always nicely prepared, and enough provided for a hundred and fifty men; that our cooking apparatus were very imperfect and inconvenient; you may form some idea of the amount of labor performed over a blazing wood fire in the middle of July. Besides this, our own meals were to be cooked, and we rarely seated ourselves without some one from home, partaking of our hospitality, who could not find accommodations elsewhere. Sometimes it was a clergyman, ministering to the wounded; at others those who had sons in the battle, and as they were under the circumstances, thrown on our charity, we could not do less than care for them; then again were those who came over with the stores; so all together they kept us employed. When not engaged at the Hospital, (that being our first duty) we tried to do the best we could for all, and if there were any who thought us wanting in hospitality, we trust that they will recollect that we were the dispensers of other's bounties.

The next day was Sunday, and excessively hot, and it required all who could be spared from the rooms, at the Hospital. Innumerable flies hovered round the patients, who, in many instances were too weak to brush them off; fans were kept in constant requisition, and for hours at a time did we stand fanning all this long, hot, summer day. In the morning we had a simple service by Professor Baugher, during which, though it lasted but a short time, five died. After tea was over and the arrangements made for the night, we remained at

the urgent request of our patients, and sang some hymns in which they generally joined. I have listened to the music of professed singers, accompanied by the deep toned note of the swelling organ, and to the more simple songs of praise in our own churches, but never did I hear anything like the sad pathos of the voices of these poor wounded men, as they sang, "There is rest for the weary," or "There is a land of pure delight," and before the next Sabbath evening many had gone; I trust to "where saints immortal reign."

Until now, our attentions had been general through the Hospital, but individual cases began to claim our care, and occupy most of our time. It seemed as though the crisis of the wounds had arrived and the majority were in a critical state. Since Saturday, I had given all my time, to the care of a young man from the northwestern part of the State, who had five terrible wounds, either of which, the surgeon said, might prove fatal.* I had noticed his expression of agony in passing, and at last I heard him say to the attendant, "ask that lady to come to me." I went immediately; he told me that he knew he was going to die; that for two long nights he had laid there alone thinking of his state; he knew he was a great sinner, he said, but he trusted, that for Christ's sake he might be forgiven. He had an old mother; would I write her? I did, while he dictated the words. I am sorry I did not keep a copy of the letter, so full was it of love and patriotism. Love for his old home, love for his mother, love for his country, for which he said he gloried in dying, and love for his Saviour who had suffered and died to redeem him. He did not fear to die, he said, but the thought of dying alone, with no one to care for him, had added to his agony; but now, if I would stay with him until all was over, he could patiently await the summons. I promised him I would, and though he lingered all day, I did not leave him until nearly dark, when with a short prayer commending his soul to God he passed from time into eternity.

The next morning on going over to the Hospital, I noticed a nice looking old lady seated on the church steps; it was his mother. She came the night before, but too late, and though they had tried to persuade her to go away and wait until morning, it had been impos-

sible to move her, and there she sat, through all the quiet watches of the night. I took her to the spot in the church where her son died, gave his parting words, walked down in the fresh morning air to the grave yard and said all I could to console her. I never met with more exalted christian piety and resignation. One son lay before her a corpse, another was in Libby Prison, and a third wounded in one of the corps' hospitals; she hoped that God would save our country, and look with pity on the many sorrowing hearts.

Hear, what a Northern mother said.
 Wildly waving a banner red,
 As her country's hosts went trailing past,
 With rolling drum and trumpet blast.

"Come forth my sons, come join the band
 Who battle for our native land;
 Come, leave the plough, come grasp the sword—"
 Three noble youths came at her word.

The first has sunk to his last sleep—
 The second rots in a dungeon deep—
 The youngest, wounded, writhes in pain,
 Ah! he will never walk again.

"What reck'st it," said the mother grey—
 "Their name and mine shall live for aye,
 They fought for freedom and for right,
 And God accepts my widow's mite."

We were peculiarly favored in the choice of a hospital, (little as we had to do with its selection), for our patients were superior in refinement to many others. The majority of them were from New England; all of them had enjoyed the benefits of a good plain education. Most of them had been blessed with faithful, pious mothers, who had from childhood impressed upon them the value and importance of religion, and during their long term of service, had, through their correspondence, kept alive the flame of piety within their hearts and urged them to abide faithful to the God of their fathers. And when, before the last summons came to call them to their final home, we ministered to them, our painful duties were lightened by the assurance that religion was no new thing to most of them; and that in their northern homes, unceasingly ascended for these dear, dying ones, prayers for their everlasting salvation.

Before leaving home, I had been informed by one who ought to know better, that our army was made up of "foreign adventurers,"

"Germans and Irish," "soldiers of fortune," "paid hirelings," whilst in the Southern army was found all the chivalry and magnanimity of the nation. Never were expressions more foul or malignant, or slanders more base and cruel. We are grateful that the qualifications which constitute good soldiers and noble men, are not confined to one nation, and that the Germans, Irish and English, who have made this free country the land of their adoption, appreciate fully its many benefits, and fight heroically for our cause; and though it is difficult to discriminate where all are so brave, yet the bravest was a young Englishman, the color bearer of a New York regiment. He came to this country an orphan boy, was educated in our free schools, found friends who assisted him, had become prosperous in business, and when this foul rebellion endangered the liberties of our land, and the bells everywhere were calling together the sons of the Republic, he felt that for a country which had afforded him home and happiness, it was an honor and a privilege to suffer and to die. He volunteered with the hundreds of thousands of free men, and carried the colors of his regiment through all the battles fought by the army of the Potomac, until now, unhurt. All this he told me in broken sentences and added that "there was one on whom all his hopes centred, who made life precious and desirable to him," and much more of a similar import, too sacred to relate.

To her I wrote a letter, telling of his sad state, how he had fallen, bleeding and wounded; and at his request, added, that though he had lost his leg, he was proud to tell her he had saved the regimental colors, and his own life too was still spared him, which was only made valuable by thoughts of her. This was surely enough to make any true woman feel proud that over so noble a heart, she alone held sway. His wound was doing remarkably well, and every day while attending to his wants, I would ask him pleasantly about the answer to our letter, remarking, that perhaps it was too full of sweet words to be seen by a stranger.

At last I found that all my cheerful words failed to rouse him from the despondent mood into which he had fallen, and I discovered his great anxiety at not receiving an answer to his letter. I begged

him to be patient, and explained that the mail had been interrupted by the recent raid; all of which failed to re-assure him, and when going to him the next morning, I saw lying beside him on his pillow a letter directed by a lady's delicate hand; I felt all would be well. Yes, the letter was delicately directed, delicately written, and delicately worded—but its meaning was not to be misunderstood. It was a cool, calm regret that she could no longer be his; to which was added the fear that the loss of his limb might affect his prospects in life. He handed me the letter to read, with a look of fixed despair—buried his head in the pillow and wept like a child. To him she had been the embodiment of all that was true and lovely, and while others had mothers, sisters and friends, she was his all.—The blow had been sudden, but sure. When he looked up again, his face bore the pallor of marble and I saw there was no hope.—All day long, we gave him stimulants and tried by words of sympathy to rouse him, but in vain; he lingered two days, when the silver cord was loosed, and the golden bowl broken. He died, and his last words were “tell her I forgive her.”

Already had the different hospitals heard of our rooms, and were sending to us for supplies, and though we could not leave those under our care for any length of time, yet we gave to all who applied. Our bounties extended not only to the town and corps' hospitals, but also to families who were caring for wounded soldiers, and the calls were so numerous, that it took one of us constantly to attend to this work. Mr. Spangler also, who worked incessantly at the more distant corps' hospitals, came to us every morning, and was fitted out with whatever he needed for the day; sometimes with pads or clothing, and at others with delicacies. And Mr. Stuart, the benevolent and well known president of the Christian Commission, hearing of the various operations of our society, made the characteristic remark, “I must see this nut-shell from whence so much good comes.” We labored faithfully among our patients, but many were daily dying; dying with longing thoughts of home and friends—friends whom they would never see again. Calmness and resignation distinguished them in their intense sufferings, for to their honor be it said, that

with severe, and oftentimes fatal wounds, they restrained their complaints, and patiently awaited the attentions of the nurse; groans and murmurs were rarely heard. The hospital stewards in charge were kind and attentive, and the male nurses (who were paroled prisoners,) were beyond all praise, faithful to their trust; they waited upon their fellow-soldiers with the greatest care and patience, giving them their medicine, washing and dressing them, and watching over them with the tenderness of a mother, and by their kind attentions won not only our gratitude, but inspired us to follow their good example, and do everything in our power to add to the comfort of these suffering heroes.

The days were passing slowly by, and our patients grew gradually fewer. Death had been busy among them, and though our duties were severe, yet we often felt the force of the remark made to us on the day of our arrival, by one who had ample opportunities of knowing, Mr. J. Harris, "that however arduous our duties might be, we would scarcely think of them in the great strain upon our nerves and sympathies," and so it proved.

I recollect particularly being called about this time to minister to the wants of a young New England soldier; I had taken care of him in a general way with the others, but did not know of his dangerous condition until one of his friends called my attention to him. I saw that he was very low, and he must have noticed by the expression of my face, that I regarded his case as hopeless. As soon as I came to him he said, "write your name on this piece of paper for me, and if I live I want it, if I die, send it to my mother, and tell her that though far away in Pennsylvania, I have found those who have been as kind to me as sister or mother." "And now," said he, in the most solemn and searching manner, "must I die?" I told him I feared it must be so. "Do not fear," he exclaimed, "to tell me the truth, for when I entered the army, I made up my mind that a man was not worthy to live, who for fear of death, shuns his country's cause. I am willing to die, and join the ranks of those who have already gone, for it is glorious to die for one's country." He said he knew in whom he trusted; that religion was no new thing to him; he had a good,

praying mother, and though the temptations were great in the army, yet for her sake, he had tried to do right. He then uttered a prayer for the loved ones at home, for his comrades, who stood around, and invoked God's blessing on those who ministered to him. For some time he was quiet, and after having taken some nourishment, he asked me what day of the month it was? I told him the 16th of July. "Then," said he, "it is two years since I enlisted, and one year from to-day my term of service will expire;" adding in the most submissive manner, "and sooner, if it is the Lord's will." After a short interval he said, "see that I am decently buried, and may God for Christ's sake have mercy on us all." The light fled from his eye, the color from his cheeks, and then his parched lips only uttered confused sounds. Around him, bathed in tears, stood the companions of many long marches, and hard fought battles, and by his side his nearest friend, who had shared his tent since the commencement of the war. He was shot through the lungs, and lay but a short distance from him; he had scarcely been able to move since he was brought in from the battle-field, yet hearing his friend was dying, he insisted on going to him. I remonstrated, but to no purpose, and I was not surprised, when, after performing the last sad offices for his friend, I was sent for to attend to him. On returning to his bed he had immediately had a hemorrhage, and in about two hours he too was a corpse. Calmly he fell asleep, leaving kind messages for his wife and children at home. Thus in life, these two noble men had been devoted friends, and in death they were not divided. I kept my promise, and saw them properly buried. Hitherto those who died, had been wrapped in their war-worn blankets, but their companions made them each rude coffins, and a sad and serious gathering followed them to their last home. The relentless grave has closed over them, and the grass now waves silently over their resting place; and when in after days we visited the spot, we placed on each a few summer flowers.

At the rooms the attendants were very much occupied. Government commenced sending to the city hospitals all who could possibly go, and as every one of them was destitute of clothing, they mended

and altered the pantaloons, coats, &c., that were sent from the Repository at Lancaster, and we tried to make them as presentable as we could, and with a hat sent by the same kind hands and one of our nice wrappers they looked very well and felt very proud, as well they might for many hundreds had left Gettysburg in their shirts and drawers. And when two or three months afterwards I saw some of them at Fort Schuyler, N. J., they were still hobbling round on our crutches marked P. D., in the same clothing.

I would not have any think that though such sad scenes were constantly enacted, that our hospital was at all times gloomy; on the contrary, we were as cheerful as possible; ourselves and the patients tried to bear their sufferings as calmly as they could. The military bands played for us almost every afternoon, and the Gettysburg "Glee Club" came in and sang patriotic songs for us occasionally, while some of the patients sang very sweetly themselves, and there was one who whistled, imitating the notes of birds, and the carols of the Swiss mountaineers. He was a noble-hearted man, and a great favorite with his regiment, (the 13th Mass.), and they testified that he was as brave in battle as pleasant in camp, and that when the bell sounded for the first war meeting at Malboro, he rushed to the public hall with his gun in his hand, and by his enthusiasm and example induced many to volunteer.

There was an old Netherlander too, with three shocking wounds, who seemed to think them nothing compared to the damage done by the battle to his favorite cap; as soon as he was able it was nicely brushed, and he commenced decorating it; every little bright bit of ribbon or button that he could get, was sewed on until it looked like mosaic work, and at every addition he would set it on the window and and admire it for hours, and when the Government supplied the hospital with fly-nets, instead of putting his to its legitimate purpose, Peter hung his cap on a nail and covered it with his net, much to the amusement of the whole hospital.

As it was generally understood that the "Christ Church Hospital" was taken care of by the ladies of Lancaster, it did not receive as much attention from the citizens as some of the other hospitals that

required it more. But Mrs. Dr. R. Horner, whose kind, motherly care will long be remembered, never forgot us, and we always felt that though among strangers, we had one friend upon whom we might call. Nor must her little son John be forgotten, for though only ten years old, he spent most of his time in the hospital; his thoughtful care was worthy of emulation. Every morning he came with some nice, cool drink, prepared by his own hands, or sugared berries, and if other duties claimed the attention of the attendants, he was always to be relied on and would fan a very low patient for hours, until relieved, and among my few pleasant reminiscences of the hospital is the bouquet of sweet flowers which he rarely forgot.

Nearly four weeks had passed; many of our patients had died and some had been sent to the Government hospitals, so that our number had decreased to seventy-eight; of these, none were considered dangerously ill, and though we had ample to occupy our time, yet some of us had duties at home that claimed our attention, and we began to think of leaving. For a week past we had appointed different days, but yielded to their solicitations, and so day after day had slipped by, and now we must go. It was a sad leave-taking; every man had some good quality that had won our regard, and all had been as dependent upon us as children; and we had been to them they said, as mothers and sisters; had we not fed them—clothed them—and cared for them; and could they forget it? Nor were they unworthy of our care. From the surgeons in charge, to the simplest soldier, they had shown us the most respectful deference. Never, during all our stay, did we hear a profane word, or an ungentlemanly expression; and there was not one among them, who did not consider it the highest honor to do anything to lighten our duties, or to serve us in any way. And I trust that those whose almoners we were, and who since this causeless rebellion broke out, have so kindly and so liberally given to the wounded soldiers, will not relax their efforts until this war shall cease. All over the land are hospitals, in which noble men are suffering and dying, and kind women are ministering. Give them, if you are poor, of your poverty, and you who are rich, give of your abundance. Let no unworthy thoughts enter your mind; say not

that perhaps they do not get it, or that others consume it. Give, and God in his infinite mercy will reward.

But the parting words had to be said; we shook hands with each, and heard their faltering "God bless you, for I cannot," or "thank you, you have been very kind," and after singing a few hymns we left them.

Our remaining stores we divided among the neighbors, who said they would do all they could for our patients, and with feelings of gratitude to those who had so kindly sheltered us for the past few weeks, we bid adieu to our friends and took the cars for home.

CHAPTER II.

OUR SECOND VISIT TO GETTYSBURG.

FIVE days elapsed after our return, and a letter came from the hospital, saying that they were suffering much from want of care; (as many who, we thought, were doing well, had become worse,) and begging us if it was possible to return. Though the weather was excessively hot, it was a request we could not disregard. We thought to take them by surprise, but one of the attendants seeing us arrive, had rushed into the Church proclaiming the "Patriot Daughters have come." We were startled at the change one week's absence had made; they had been so long accustomed to our nicely cooked meals, that their stomachs loathed the food prepared at the cook house. Imagine if you can, with their severe wounds, and no appetite, how they must have felt when they received for their dinner, a coarse piece of salt meat and large half-boiled potato. It was dinner time when we went into the Church, and their efforts to eat the food just mentioned, and appear satisfied, was more touching than any complaints they might have made. We begged part of a chicken from Mrs. Gruel, prepared some nice farina for those who were very ill, and with some fresh berries which we bought at the door, they made a very good meal. We missed our rooms sadly, but we did as well as we could, for we expected that the hospital would soon be removed to the Seminary.

About this time we had one of the saddest cases brought into the hospital, that had yet appealed to our sympathy and care. A young man, the only son of wealthy parents, living at Buffalo, who was first

sergeant of his company and been left to guard the rebel prisoners, had ordered one of his men to do some duty, which he refused. On the impulse of the moment, he struck him, and in return instantly received a stab in the neck; and though his comrades did all they could for him, he was never conscious afterwards, and died in great agony, after lingering two or three days. He was a young man, they said, of rare attainments, finely educated, was the highest officer left in his company, and certain of promotion. He had been very brave in battle, and in the camp was a general companion and warm friend. With everything to make life attractive, he died, far away among strangers, and though we had many sad duties at the hospital, the saddest was to write to his parents the distressing circumstances of his death.

We arrived on Saturday, and the following Monday the order came to move the hospital. It was a busy day for all; we went from one to another, and packed up their few little trifles. Most of them had lost everything they possessed in battle; but each while at the hospital, had accumulated a little store of articles which though valueless in themselves, added much to their comfort. The order was to move at four o'clock, and though military orders are not generally to be disregarded, yet a thunder storm set in at that time, and we could not leave until six. The day before, the wounded from the Court House had been sent out, which with our patients and the four hundred rebels who had been there since the battle, made quite a large hospital. The main building was full, and the grounds were covered with tents, each one containing six iron bedsteads with good bed and bedding; and here, helpless as children, side by side, lay friend and foe. I saw no distinction made between our own men and the rebels. The meals which were remarkably good, were sent from the cook house to a large tent, there put upon the plates by the Sisters of Charity, and at meal time, the attendant came and sufficient for each patient was given him, all receiving alike. As our church hospital was occupied entirely by the wounded men of the 2nd Division, 1st Corps, (men commanded by Gen. Reynolds), we had no rebels, and when their sympathizing friends asked at the

church door, "are there any Confederate wounded in this hospital?" it had been a matter of pride among the attendants to answer that there was not one. But now we were in the minority, and they found it very humiliating, to see us go in and out of the rebel tents. I was dressing a wound of a young Massachusetts soldier, who was shot through the lungs, and of whom I had taken great care since we first came to Gettysburg, when the hospital steward came in and said the doctor would like to see me in the next tent, which I knew to contain rebs. I was somewhat surprised when he told me that having tried in vain to persuade one of them, to have his leg [amputated, he had sent for me, hoping that I might be more successful; it was a very critical case, he said, and as soon as the man decided, he wished to know the result. Had it been one of our boys I might have done better, but I finally gained his consent, with the proviso however, that I would stay with him during the operation, and take care of him afterwards. I sent for the surgeon, the stretchers came, and in twenty minutes it was over. While taking care of him, I saw much of the others; they are a poor, degraded, deluded set of men, much inferior in education and cleanliness to the Union soldiers, but many be it said to their credit, are devout christians, read their Bibles constantly, and never slept at night without singing a hymn and one of their number offering up a prayer.

For men like Gen. Trimble, I have no sympathy. Theirs was the infamy of inaugurating this wicked rebellion, and they should be the sufferers. Had any of our poor officers, in their Southern dungeons, dared to show half the audacity of this man, he would have been immediately shot. While Gen. Trimble would order the best of every thing cooked, and if it did not please him, send it back to the kitchen. I was there one day when his dinner was returned; it consisted of nice fried ham and eggs, with mashed potatoes and onions, but it did not please him. Norris, who was the cook, asked me what he should do. I suggested letting him wait until his appetite improved, which was done; no other dinner was supplied.

When the general hospitals were first opened, many rebel sympathizers flocked to them and lavished everything on their favorites.

to the exclusion of our men. Not only did they do this, but it was discovered that they furnished those who were slightly wounded among them, with citizen's clothes, and that by this means many escaped. They opened rooms similar to those of the Christian Commission, receiving cart loads of goods every day, and gloried in saying that "not a Union soldier should have even an orange." But the Provost Marshal heard of their doings, confiscated their goods and divided them between the Sanitary and Christian Commissions.—Guards were placed around the rebel tents, and their inmates were left entirely to the care of the Union nurses. Of course they were well and conscientiously taken care of, receiving not only good, plain food, but when refreshing drinks were given to the patients, or fruit and delicacies supplied, they too received their share; and when we first went to Gettysburg, seeing two or three hundred of these poor, forlorn, half-naked creatures, passing our rooms on their way to the depot, we were moved with compassion, and supplied them according to their necessities. And hearing lately of the sufferings of our poor men—sufferings too terrible for human nature to endure—on reading descriptions of their loathsome prison, and the starving process practised upon them, my thoughts reverted to the Seminary hospital, to the white tents beneath the spreading branches of beautiful trees in which their wounded lay; the snow white bed, the little table on which were placed their Bibles and the cooling drink, and above all the watchful care and kind attentions they received; and I thought, where are the much vaunted hospitalities of the Old Dominion?—Where, the tender-hearted and inimitably courteous and kind daughters of the sunny South, of whom such boast has been made—who have figured so extensively, as the self-sacrificing heroines, in works of fiction? Has it all been mere fiction? Is there not one to give a cup of cold water to the famishing? Not one to say a kind word to the sick and the dying? Not one to hand a crust of bread to the starving? Have all their womanly feelings and instincts been crushed out by this diabolical rebellion, or eaten out by the essential barbarism of their "Domestic Institutions?" Have their memories become as faulty as their hearts flinty, so as not to recall the Divine

command—limited by no sectional prejudices, circumscribed by no North or South—"If thine enemy hunger, feed him, and if he thirst, give him drink." Alas! for poor humanity; and when their brothers, restored and returned to them shall tell of more than lavish kindness, may they be won to nobler thoughts and better deeds.

Three or four days before we left, we received our last load of stores, with which we made our poor boys comfortable, supplied each with a change of shirts, stockings, &c., and prepared to leave.—Already had we extended our stay beyond our original intentions, but many of our patients, from moving, and exposure to the air, after being so long in the church, had become rapidly worse, and we could not go. The "Sisters of Charity" were to take care of the rebels, whilst Mrs. Crawford, and a number of ladies from Gettysburg, were to take charge of the Union soldiers; with these satisfactory arrangements made, we bade them again "Good bye" and received their last fervent words of gratitude. Since then, we have heard of the death of many of them, and among the number, the young Massachusetts soldier, upon whom I had lavished so much care. I had nursed him as tenderly as a child; he was wounded through the lungs and his sufferings were sometimes terrible, but he bore them like a hero, and I hoped that by good care he might live, but after we left, he became rapidly worse; then the hospital was broken up, and he was moved to a house in town, where he lay, kindly cared for by one of his comrades, but with no mother or sister to soothe his last hours. It is sad enough, when one so young dies, surrounded by those who nurtured and followed him through life, and are present to attend his mournful exit; but there is something peculiarly solemn and desolate in the going out of the soul, when forbidden the consolation of a parting word, or the last pressure from the hand of those we love. In his far-off New England home, there was mourning when he died, and we, who had so tenderly watched and cared for him, felt that in their sorrow, we too had a share.

And here perhaps, as well as anywhere else, we may speak on a subject that has been variously commented upon, by the different newspaper correspondents, viz: "The behavior of the people of Get-

tysburg, after the battle." Much has been said and written about their want of hospitality. As we did not go there to be entertained, and were dressed to suit our duties, we were not overwhelmed with attentions; but Mrs. Dr. R. Horner, and the friends with whom we stayed, were more than kind. Great allowances too, must be made as the place had been occupied some days by the rebels, and they had helped themselves freely to whatever they could get; then came the battle, during which time the people lived in their cellars; and to hear them relate their terrible experience, and see the havoc, is sufficient excuse. Men were shot in the streets by the enemy's sharp-shooters, who were on the tops of the houses, and minnie balls poured over the town like hail. I asked many, how they felt during this time, and the most expressive answer I received was, "I felt like I wasn't quite right." After the battle was over, the wounded were brought into the houses, and of course took up all the attention. Every thing was pressed into service, and even beds stripped of their sheets and pillow-cases to bind up the wounds, and some families had twenty or thirty wounded left to their care. Almost every house had been converted into a temporary hospital. Then came the rush of visitors; and when we knew, that in a majority of cases, they came merely to gratify their curiosity, and not to minister to the wants of the suffering soldiers, we cannot wonder that they did not in all cases receive a warm reception.

That there were isolated cases of meanness and extortion is certain, for the men of our hospital told us, how after lying three days without anything to eat, and suffering great agony from their wounds, five wounded men were charged twenty-five dollars, (all they had in the world), for bringing them two miles into Gettysburg in an uncovered wagon without springs; whose every motion they thought would put an end to their sufferings. The next day three of the number died.

And the week after we came to Gettysburg, requiring some ice for a dying man (our supply being exhausted), I sent the hospital steward out to buy some; he returned with about half a pound for which he paid a quarter of a dollar. I thought it an imposition at the

time, but was too busily occupied with other duties, to pay much attention to it. The next morning we required some for another patient; I sent him again, when imagine my surprise to see him return with a large block of solid ice, enough for the whole hospital. He said that the ice wagon had just left the man his supply, and seeing it upon his door step, he had selected this piece, and told him that this, with what he had yesterday, made a fair quarter's worth, and he trusted it would teach him that if he wished to take advantage of people, he should have manliness enough to choose other parties than the dying soldiers.

These, and other individual cases of meanness, are beyond dispute, and they are despicable enough; but a whole community should not be held responsible for the exceptional conduct of a few. After the battle of Antietam, an individual at Hagerstown asked two gentlemen thirty dollars for taking them from that place to Sharpsburg, which at the usual rate would have cost about three dollars. And it is a notorious fact, that during the hot summer months, when thousands of militia-men hastened to Harrisburg, to defend it against the attacks of the invading enemy, some sordid and intolerably mean citizens charged the soldiers for the water they drank. But who would, from these isolated cases, infer that all the citizens were alike mean and despicable?

And now, the "Patriot Daughters" feel as though they ought to make some apology for publishing this little book, which is merely of a local interest. They have, however two reasons, viz: to add to the funds of their society, and to make known to those who have so liberally contributed, what was done after the battle of Gettysburg. The cause of our wounded men is one that needs no appeal from us; their patient sufferings, and uncomplaining agony are more eloquent than any words of ours. We confess that we are anxious to keep up the individuality of our society. Since the commencement of the war, we have been repeatedly urged to join the Sanitary Commission as one of their aid societies, and send them our funds and stores. Both the Sanitary and Christian Commissions, whose operations we had ample opportunity of witnessing at Gettysburg, are beyond all

praise; with their great resources, complete arrangements, and self-sacrificing members, they are equal to every emergency; but though our duties are similar, we feel that we can accomplish more good by keeping up our individual organization, than by becoming an aid to a larger society. What we hope to make it, is a distinct organization, supported by Lancaster county, and that each township will form societies auxiliary to the parent one in the city, and that they will take a laudable pride in vigorously co-operating with us. Already are we well known. After the battles of Antietam and Chancellorsville, we sent stores and delegates. At Gettysburg, besides distributing to other hospitals, we took entire care of a hundred and fifty wounded men, from almost every State in the Union; and a month never passes, that we do not have appeals from hospitals in want of delicacies, whose applications are never denied. Besides we can assist individual cases to which otherwise we would have no access. How often, too, do mothers come into the Repository, and with tearful eyes, beg stockings, &c., for their sons in our far-off western army, and sisters who would like a shirt or a few necessities, and they are never refused unless our supply is exhausted, as we try to assist to the utmost all who apply. These remarks are not made boastingly. To those who give, is the honor due. They have made us happy in furnishing the means by which to make others happy, and all, we doubt not, whether their contributions have been great or small, have experienced with us, that it is more blessed to give than to receive. And in this connection, we must mention that our feelings have often been touched, as some poor woman from beneath the folds of her thin shawl, would hand us a few pickles or onions, raised by herself, and meekly ask, "Would we take these; it was all she could give."

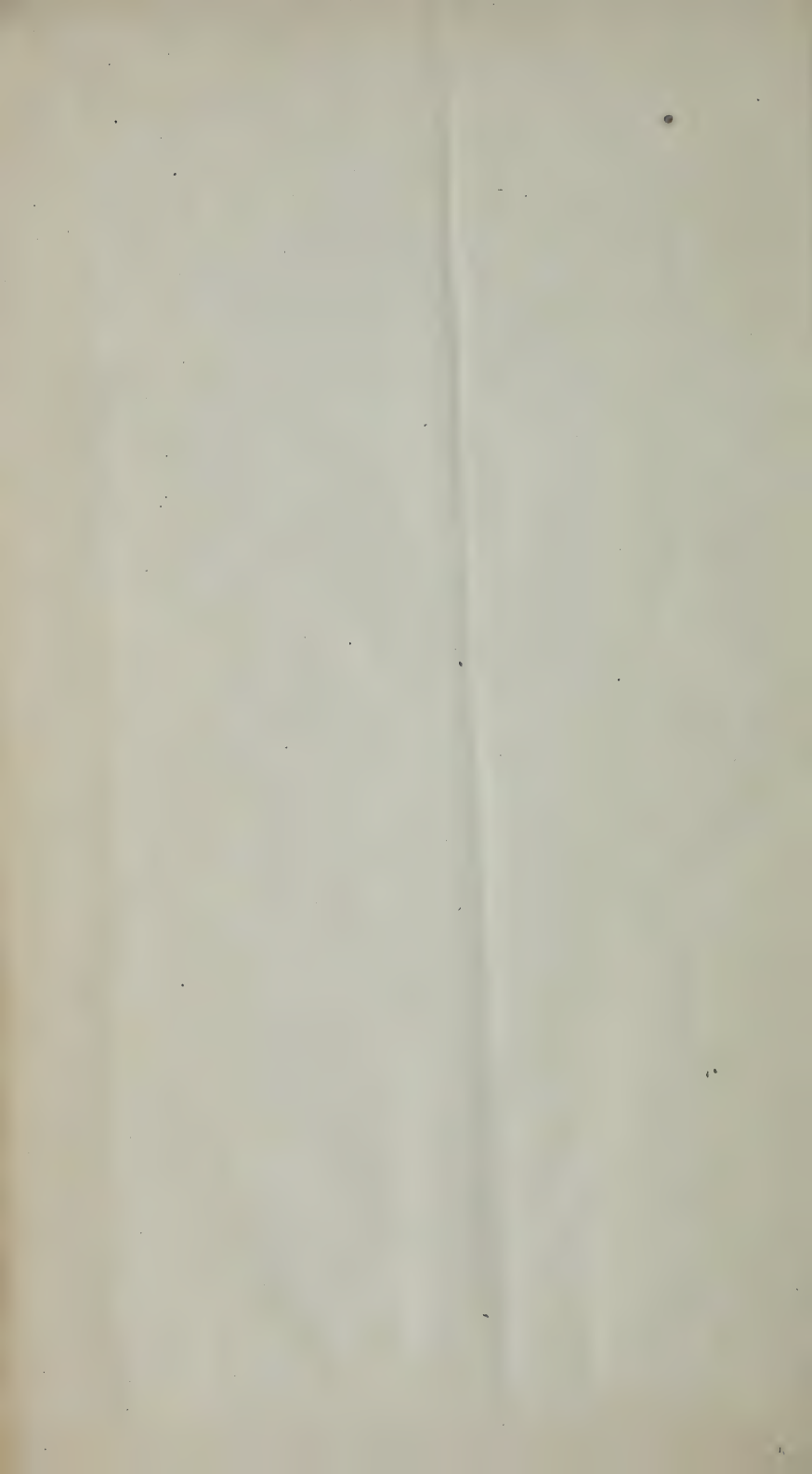
But it has been said to us, "we are tired of giving to the soldiers." What! tired of giving to the soldiers? Are they not our brethren? Have they not perilled their all to keep us safe in the possession of our comforts and our homes? Had Lee, with his thieving hordes crossed the Susquehanna, and trampled down our golden harvests, devastated our peaceful homes, enriched his famished legions,

and exchanged his wretchedly miserable apologies for horses, for our fine stock. What then? Would we not all in shame and indignation, have been forced to submit! Would we not have felt satisfied if we had only saved a part of our property, or even our lives? And where is there now a single farmer in our whole County, who has given to the value of one good horse? Or a Merchant to the value of a case of goods? Or an iron master to the value of one week's product of his furnace? Or a mechanic to the value of one week's receipts? And yet the excuse for not giving any more, is sometimes urged because they have given so much already. "Tired of giving to the Soldiers!" And are they not oftentimes tired of their long marches, and their weary, lonely and perilous picket duty? Are they not tired of suffering, starving and freezing in loathsome prisons, and filthy Castle Thunders? It must be so. Then let us never again hear the excuse of being "tired of giving to the Soldiers," and let those who are enjoying the comforts of home, surrounded by kind friends, not forget these poor sufferers who for their sakes are deprived of them—and never be weary in well doing, knowing that in due time, they shall reap if they faint not.

And now in conclusion, we beg any who read this little work, [as its only merit is its truthfulness,] to remember the object for which it was written and forget to criticize, for though kind nurses, literary attainments are not among the qualifications of the

"PATRIOT DAUGHTERS."





2

THREE WEEKS AT
GETTYSBURG.

Bm.

THIS unpretending sketch of the labors of two Ladies among the wounded, after the Battle of Gettysburg, was originally printed for private distribution among a few of the Soldiers' Aid Societies. It is now, by request, reproduced for a more general circulation among the friends and contributors to the SANITARY COMMISSION, in the belief that it cannot fail to stimulate and encourage them in their work.

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WHAT WE DID AT GETTYSBURG.

July, 1863.

DEAR ——— :

WHAT WE DID AT GETTYSBURG, for the three weeks we were there, you will want to know. "We," are Mrs. ———, and myself, who, happening to be on hand at the right moment, gladly fell in with the proposition to do what we could at the Sanitary Commission Lodge, after the battle. There were, of course, the agents of the Commission, already on the field, distributing supplies to the hospitals, and working night and day among the wounded. I cannot pretend to tell you what was done by all the big wheels of the concern, but only how two of the smallest ones went round, and what turned up in the going.

Twenty-four hours we were in making the journey between Baltimore and Gettysburg, places only four hours apart in ordinary running time; and this will give you some idea of the difficulty there was of bringing up supplies when the fighting was over, and the delays in transporting wounded. Coming toward the town at this crawling rate, we passed some fields

where the fences were down and the ground slightly tossed up: "That's where Kilpatrick's cavalry men fought the rebels," some one said, "and close by that barn a rebel soldier was found day before yesterday, sitting dead;" no one to help, poor soul, "near the whole city full." The railroad bridge broken up by the enemy, Government had not rebuilt as yet, and we stopped two miles from the town, to find that, as usual, just where the Government had left off the Commission had come in. There stood their temporary lodge and kitchen, and here hobbling out of their tents came the wounded men who had made their way down from the Corps hospital expecting to leave at once in the return cars.

This is the way the thing was managed at first: the surgeons left in care of the wounded three or four miles out from the town, went up and down among the men in the morning, and said, "Any of you boys who can make your way to the cars, can go to Baltimore." So off start all who think they feel well enough, anything being better than the "hospitals," so called, for the first few days after a battle. Once the men have the surgeons' permission to go, they are off; and there may be an interval of a day, or two days, should any of them be too weak to reach the train in time,

during which these poor fellows belong to no one, the hospital at one end, the railroad at the other, with far more than chance of falling through between the two. The Sanitary Commission knew this would be so of necessity, and coming in, made a connecting link between these two ends.

For the first few days the worst cases only, came down in ambulances from the hospitals; hundreds of fellows hobbled along as best they could in heat and dust, for hours, slowly toiling, and many hired farmers' wagons, as hard as the farmers' fists themselves, and were jolted down to the railroad, at three or four dollars the man. Think of the disappointment of a soldier, sick, body and heart, to find, at the end of this miserable journey, that his effort to get away, into which he had put all his remaining stock of strength, was useless; that "the cars had gone," or "the cars were full;" that while he was coming others had stepped down before him, and that he must turn all the weary way back again, or sleep on the roadside till the next train "tomorrow!" Think what this *would* have have been, and you are ready to appreciate the relief and comfort that *was*. No men were turned back. You fed and you sheltered them just when no one else could have

done so ; and out of the boxes and barrels of good and nourishing things, which you people at home had supplied, we took all that was needed. Some of you sent a stove (that is, the money to get it), some of you, the beef stock, some of you the milk and fresh bread ; and all of you would have been thankful that you had done so, could you have seen the refreshment and comfort received through these things.

As soon as the men hobbled up to the tents, good hot soup was given all round, and that over, their wounds were dressed,—for the gentlemen of the commission are cooks, or surgeons, as occasion demands,—and, finally, with their blankets spread over the straw, the men stretched themselves out and were happy and contented till morning, and the next train.

On the day that the railroad bridge was repaired we moved up to the depot, close by the town, and had things in perfect order ; a first rate camping ground, in a large field directly by the track, with unlimited supply of delicious cool water. Here we set up two stoves, with four large boilers, always kept full of soup and coffee, watched by four or five black men, who did the cooking, under our direction, and sang (not under our direction) at the tops of their voices all day,

“ Oh darkies hab you seen my Massa,”

“When this *cruel* war is over.”

Then we had three large hospital tents, holding about thirty-five each, a large camp-meeting supply-tent, where barrels of goods were stored, and our own smaller tent fitted up with tables, where jelly-pots and bottles of all kinds of good syrups, blackberry and black currant, stood in rows. Barrels were ranged round the tent walls; shirts, drawers, dressing-gowns, socks, and slippers (I wish we had had more of the latter), rags and bandages, each in its own place on one side; on the other, boxes of tea, coffee, soft crackers, tamarinds, cherry brandy, etc. Over the kitchen, and over this small supply-tent we women rather reigned, and filled up our wants by requisitions on the Commission's depot. By this time there had arrived a “delegation” of just the right kind from Canandaigua, N. Y., with surgeon dressers and attendants, bringing a first-rate supply of necessities and comforts for the wounded, which they handed over to the Commission.

Twice a day the trains left for Baltimore or Harrisburgh, and twice a day we fed all the wounded who arrived for them. Things were systematized now, and the men came down in long ambulance trains to the cars; baggage-cars they were, filled with straw for the

wounded to lie on, and broken open at either end to let in the air. A government surgeon was always present to attend to the careful lifting of the soldiers from ambulance to car. Many of the men could get along very nicely, holding one foot up, and taking great jumps on their crutches. The latter were a great comfort; we had a nice supply at the lodge, and they travelled up and down from the tents to the cars daily. Only occasionally did we dare let a pair go on with some very lame soldier, who begged for them; we needed them to help the new arrivals each day, and trusted to the men being supplied at the hospitals at the journey's end. Pads and crutches are a standing want, pads particularly. We manufactured them out of the rags we had, stuffed with saw-dust from brandy boxes, and with half a sheet and some soft straw, Mrs. ——— made a poor dying boy as easy as his sufferings would permit. Poor young fellow, he was so grateful to her for washing, and feeding, and comforting him. He was too ill to bear the journey, and went from our tent to the church hospital, and from the church to his grave, which would have been coffinless but for the care of ———, for the Quarter Master's Department was overtaxed, and for many days our dead were simply wrapped in their blankets and put into the

earth. It is a soldierly way after all, of lying wrapped in the old war-worn blanket, the little dust returned to dust.

When the surgeons had the wounded all placed, with as much comfort as seemed possible under the circumstances, on board the train, our detail of men would go from car to car, with soup made of beef-stock or fresh meat, full of potatoes, turnips, cabbage, and rice, with fresh bread and coffee, and, when stimulants were needed, with ale, milk-punch, or brandy. Water-pails were in great demand for use in the cars on the journey, and also empty bottles to take the place of canteens. All our whisky and brandy bottles were washed and filled up at the spring, and the boys went off carefully hugging their extemporized canteens, from which they would wet their wounds, or refresh themselves till the journey ended. I do not think that a man of the 16,000, who were transported during our stay, went from Gettysburg, without a good meal—rebels and Unionists together, they all had it, and were pleased and satisfied. "Have you friends in the army, madam?" a rebel soldier, lying on the floor of the car, said to me, as I gave him some milk. "Yes, my brother is on ——'s staff." "I thought so, ma'am. You can always tell; when people are good to soldiers

they are sure to have friends in the army." "We are rebels, you know, ma'am," another said; "Do you treat rebels so?" It was strange to see the good brotherly feeling come over the soldiers, our own and the rebels, when side by side they lay in our tents. "Hullo, boys! this is the pleasantest way to meet, isn't it? We are better friends when we are as close as this, than a little farther off." And then they would go over the battles together: "we were here," and "you were there," in the friendliest way.

After each train of cars daily, for the three weeks we were in Gettysburg, trains of ambulances arrived too late, men who must spend the day with us until the 5 P. M. cars went, and men too late for the 5 P. M. train, who must spend the night till the 10 A. M. cars went. All the men who came in this way, under our own immediate and particular attention, were given the best we had of care and food. The surgeon in charge of our camp, with his most faithful dresser and attendants, looked after all their wounds, which were often in a most shocking state, particularly among the rebels. Every evening and morning they were dressed. Often the men would say, "That feels good. I haven't had my wound so well dressed since I was hurt." Something cool to drink is the first thing asked for after the

long, dusty drive, and pailfuls of tamarinds and water, "a beautiful drink," the men used to say, disappeared rapidly among them.

After the men's wounds were attended to, we went round giving them clean clothes; had basins and soap and towels, and followed these with socks, slippers, shirts, drawers, and those coveted dressing-gowns. Such pride as they felt in them! comparing colors, and smiling all over as they lay in clean and comfortable rows ready for supper, "on dress parade," they used to say. And then the milk, particularly if it were boiled and had a little whiskey and sugar, and the bread, with *butter* on it, and *jelly* on the butter—how good it all was, and how lucky we felt ourselves in having the immense satisfaction of distributing these things, which all of you, hard at work in villages and cities, were getting ready and sending off, in faith.

Canandaigua sent cologne with its other supplies, which went right to the noses and hearts of the men. "That is good, now;"—"I'll take some of that;"—"worth a penny a sniff;"—"that kinder gives one life;"—and so on, all round the tents, as we tipped the bottles up on the clean handkerchiefs some one had sent, and when they were gone, over squares of cotton, on which

the perfume took the place of hem,—“just as good, ma’am.” We varied our dinners with custard and baked rice puddings, scrambled eggs, codfish hash, corn starch, and always as much soft bread, tea, coffee, or milk as they wanted. Two Massachusetts boys, I especially remember, for the satisfaction with which they ate their pudding. I carried a second plateful up to the cars, after they had been put in, and fed one of them till he was sure he had had enough. Young fellows they were, lying side by side, one with a right and one with a left arm gone.

The Gettysburg women were kind and faithful to the wounded and their friends, and the town was full to overflowing of both. The first day, when Mrs. ——— and I reached the place, we literally begged our bread from door to door—but the kind woman who at last gave us dinner would take no pay for it. “No, ma’am, I shouldn’t wish to have that sin on my soul when the war is over.” She, as well as others, had fed the strangers flocking into town daily, sometimes over fifty of them for each meal, and all for love and nothing for reward; and one night we forced a reluctant confession from our hostess that she was meaning to sleep on the floor that we might have a bed, her whole house being full. Of course we couldn’t

allow this self-sacrifice, and hunted up some other place to stay in. We did her no good, however, for we afterwards found that the bed was given up that night to some other stranger who arrived late and tired:—"An old lady, you know, and I couldn't let an old lady sleep on the floor." Such acts of kindness and self-denial were almost entirely confined to the women.

Few good things can be said of the Gettysburg farmers, and I only use Scripture language in calling them "evil beasts." One of this kind came creeping into our camp three weeks after the battle. He lived five miles only from the town, and had "never seen a rebel." He heard we had some of them, and came down to see them. "Boys," we said, marching him into the tent which happened to be full of rebels that day waiting for the train; "Boys, here's a man who never saw a rebel in his life, and wants to look at you;" and there he stood with his mouth wide open, and there they lay in rows, laughing at him, stupid old Dutchman. "And why haven't you seen a rebel?" Mrs. ——— said; "why didn't you take your gun and help to drive them out of your town?" "A feller might'er got hit!"—which reply was quite too much for the rebels, they roared with laughter at him, up and down the tent.

One woman, we saw, who was by no means Dutch, and whose pluck helped to redeem the other sex. She lived in a little house close up by the field where the hardest fighting was done, a red-cheeked, strong, country girl. "Were you frightened when the shells began flying?" "Well, no; you see we was all a baking bread round here for the soldiers, and had our dough a rising. The neighbors they ran into their cellars, but I couldn't leave my bread. When the first shell came in at the window and crashed through the room, an officer came and said, 'you had better get out of this,' but I told him I *could not* leave my bread, and I stood working it till the third shell came through, and then I went down cellar, but (triumphantly) I left my bread in the oven." "And why didn't you go before?" "Oh, you see, if I had, the rebels would a come in and daubed the dough all over the place." And here she had stood, at the risk of unwelcome plums in her loaves, while great holes, which we saw, were made by shot and shell through and through the room in which she was working.

The streets of Gettysburg were filled with the battle. People thought and talked of nothing else; even the children shewed their little spites by calling to each other, "Here, you rebel," and mere scraps of boys

amused themselves with percussion caps and hammers. Hundreds of old muskets were piled on the pavements, the men who shouldered them a week before lying under ground now, or helping to fill the long trains of ambulances on their way from the field. The private houses of the town were, many of them, hospitals; the little red flags hung from the upper windows. Beside our own men at the Lodge, we all had soldiers scattered about whom we could help from our supplies; and nice little puddings and jellies, or an occasional chicken, were a great treat to men condemned by their wounds to stay in Gettysburg and obliged to live on what the empty town could provide. There was a colonel in a shoe-shop, a captain just up the street, and a private round the corner, whose young sister had possessed herself of him, overcoming the military rules in some way, and carrying him off to a little room, all by himself, where I found her doing her best with very little. She came afterward to our tent and got for him clean clothes, and good food, and all he wanted, and was perfectly happy in being his cook, washerwoman, medical cadet and nurse. Beside such as these, we occasionally carried from our supplies something to the churches, which were filled with sick and wounded, and where men were dying—men

whose strong patience it was very hard to bear—dying with thoughts of the old home far away, saying, as last words, for the woman watching there and waiting with a patience equal in its strength, “Tell her I love her.”

Late one afternoon, too late for the cars, a train of ambulances arrived at our Lodge, with over one hundred wounded rebels, to be cared for through the night. Only one among them seemed too weak and faint to take anything. He was badly hurt, and failing. I went to him after his wound was dressed, and found him lying on his blanket stretched over the straw—a fair-haired, blue-eyed young lieutenant, a face innocent enough for one of our own New England boys. I could not think of him as a rebel, he was too near heaven for that. He wanted nothing, had not been willing to eat for days, his comrades said; but I coaxed him to try a little milk gruel, made nicely with lemon and brandy, and one of the satisfactions of our three weeks is the remembrance of the empty cup I took away afterward, and his perfect enjoyment of that supper. “It was *so* good, the best thing he had had since he was wounded,” and he thanked me so much, and talked about his “good supper” for hours. Poor creature, he had had no care, and it was a surprise and pleasure to find himself thought of; so, in a pleased,

childlike way, he talked about it till midnight, the attendant told me, as long as he spoke of anything, for at midnight the change came, and from that time he only thought of the old days before he was a soldier, when he sang hymns in his father's church. He sang them now again, in a clear, sweet voice. "Lord, have mercy upon me;" and then songs without words—a sort of low intoning. His father was a Lutheran clergyman in South Carolina, one of the rebels told us in the morning, when we went into the tent, to find him sliding out of our care. All day long we watched him, sometimes fighting his battles over, oftener singing his Lutheran chants, till in at the tent door, close to which he lay, looked a rebel soldier, just arrived with other prisoners. He started when he saw the lieutenant, and quickly kneeling down by him, called, "Henry! Henry!" But Henry was looking at some one a great way off, and could not hear him. "Do you know this soldier?" we said. "Oh, yes, ma'am; and his brother is wounded and a prisoner, too, in the cars now." Two or three men started after him, found him, and half carried him from the cars to our tent. "Henry" did not know him, though; and he threw himself down by his side on the straw, and for the rest of the day lay in a sort of apathy, without speaking, except

to assure himself that he could stay with his brother, without the risk of being separated from his fellow-prisoners. And there the brothers lay, and there we strangers sat watching and listening to the strong, clear voice, singing "Lord, have mercy upon me." The Lord *had* mercy, and at sunset I put my hand on the lieutenant's heart, to find it still. All night the brother lay close against the coffin, and in the morning went away with his comrades, leaving us to bury Henry, having "confidence," but first thanking us for what we had done, and giving us all that he had to show his gratitude, the palmetto ornament from his brother's cap and a button from his coat. Dr. W. read the burial service that morning at the grave, and ——— wrote his name on the little head-board: "Lieut. Rauch, 14th Regt. S. Carolina Vol."

In the field, where we buried him, a number of colored freedmen, working for Government, on the railroad, had their camp, and every night they took their recreation after the heavy work of the day was over, in prayer meetings. Such an "inferior race," you know! We went over one night and listened for an hour, while they sang, collected under the fly of a tent, a table in the middle, where the leader sat, and benches all round the sides for the congregation, men

only,—all very black and very earnest. They prayed with all their souls, as only black men and slaves can: for themselves and for the dear, white people who had come over to the meeting, and for “Massa Lincoln,” for whom they seemed to have a reverential affection, some of them a sort of worship, which confused Father Abraham and Massa Abraham in one general call for blessings. Whatever else they asked for, they must have strength and comfort and blessing for “Massa Lincoln.” Very little care was taken of these poor men. Those who were ill, during our stay, were looked after by one of the officers of the Commission. They were grateful for every little thing. Mrs. — went into the town and hunted up several dozen bright handkerchiefs, hemmed them, and sent them over to be distributed the next night after meeting. They were put on the table in the tent, and one by one, the men came up to get them. Purple, and blue, and yellow, the handkerchiefs were, and the desire of every man’s heart fastened itself on a yellow one; they politely made way for each other, though, one man standing back to let another pass up first, although he ran the risk of seeing the particular pumpkin color that riveted his eyes taken from before them. When the distribution was over, each man tied his head up in his hand.

kerchief and sang one more hymn, keeping time, all round, with blue and purple and yellow nods, and thanking and blessing the white people, in "their basket and in their store," as much as if the cotton handkerchiefs had all been gold leaf. One man came over to our tent, next day, to say: "Missus, was it you who sent me that present? I never had anything so beautiful in all my life before;" and he only had a blue one, too.

Among our wounded soldiers, one night, came an elderly man, sick, wounded and crazy, singing and talking about home. We did what we could for him, and pleased him greatly with a present of a red flannel shirt, drawers, and red calico dressing-gown, all of which he needed, and in which he dressed himself up, and then wrote a letter to his wife, made it into a little book with gingham covers, and gave it to one of the gentlemen to mail for him. The next morning he was sent on with the company from the Lodge, and that evening two tired women came into our camp—his wife and sister, who hurried on from their home to meet him, arriving just too late. Fortunately we had the queer little gingham book to identify him by, and when some one said, "It is the man, you know, who screamed so," the poor wife was certain about him.

He had been crazy before the war, but not for two years, now, she said. He had been fretting for home since he was hurt, and when the doctor told him there was no chance of his being sent there, he lost heart, and wrote to his wife to come and carry him away. It seemed almost hopeless for two lone women, who had never been out of their own little town, to succeed in finding a soldier among so many, sent in so many different directions, but we helped them as we could, and started them on their journey the next morning, back on their track, to use their common sense and Yankee privilege of questioning.

A week after, Mrs. ——— had a letter full of gratitude, and saying that the husband was found and secured for *home*. That same night we had had in our tents, two fathers, with their wounded sons, and a nice old German mother with her boy. She had come in from Wisconsin, and brought with her a patch-work bed quilt for her son, thinking he might have lost his blanket, and there he laid all covered up in his quilt, looking so homelike, and feeling so, too, no doubt, with his good old mother close at his side. She seemed bright and happy, had three sons in the army—one had been killed—this one wounded, yet she was so pleased with the tents, and

the care she saw taken there of the soldiers, that while taking her tea from a barrel head as table, she said, "Indeed, if *she* was a man, she'd be a soldier, too, right off."

For this temporary sheltering and feeding of all these wounded men, Government could make no provision. There was nothing for them if too late for the cars, except the open field and hunger, in preparation for their fatiguing journey. It is expected when the cars are ready that the men will be promptly sent to meet them, and Government cannot provide for mistakes and delays, so that but for the Sanitary Commission's Lodge, and comfortable supplies, for which the wounded are indebted to the hard workers at home, men, badly hurt, must have suffered night and day, while waiting for the "next train." We had on an average sixty of such men each night for three weeks under our care, sometimes one hundred, sometimes only thirty, and with the "delegation," and the help of other gentlemen volunteers, who all worked devotedly for the men, the whole thing was a great success, and you, and all of us can't help being thankful that we had a share, however small, in making it so. Sixteen thousand good meals were given; hundreds of men kept through the day, and twelve hun-

dred sheltered at night, their wounds dressed, their supper and breakfast secured, rebels and all. You will not, I am sure, regret that these most wretched men, these "enemies," "sick and in prison," were helped and cared for, through your supplies, though, certainly, they were not in your minds when you packed your barrels and boxes. The clothing we reserved for our own men, except now and then, when a shivering rebel needed it, but in feeding them, we could make no distinctions. It was curious to see, among our workers at the Lodge, the disgust and horror felt for *rebels*, giving place to the kindest feeling for *wounded men*.

Our three weeks were coming to an end; the work of transporting the wounded was nearly over; twice daily we had filled and emptied our tents, and twice fed the trains before the long journey. The men came in slowly at the last, a Lieutenant, all the way from Oregon, being among the very latest. He came down from the Corps Hospitals (now greatly improved), having lost one foot, poor fellow, dressed in a full suit of the Commission's cotton clothes, just as bright and as cheerful as the first man, and all the men that we received had been. We never heard a complaint. "Would he like a little nice soup?" "Well, no, thank you, ma'am;" hesitating and polite. "You

have a long ride before you, and had better take a little; I'll just bring it and you can try." So the good, thick soup came. He took a very little in the spoon to please me, and afterwards the whole cupful to please himself. He "did not think it was this kind of soup I meant. He had some in camp, and did not think he cared for any more; his 'cook' was a very small boy, though, who just put some meat in a little water and stirred it round." "Would you like a handkerchief?" and I produced our last one, with a hem and cologne too. "Oh, yes; that is what I need; I have lost mine, and was just borrowing this gentleman's." So the Lieutenant, the last man, was made comfortable, thanks to all of you, though he had but one foot to carry him on his long journey home.

Four thousand soldiers, too badly hurt to be moved, were still left in Gettysburg, cared for kindly and well at the large, new Government hospital, with a Sanitary Commission attachment.

Our work was over, our tents were struck, and we came away after a flourish of trumpets, from two military bands who filed down to our door and gave us a farewell, "Red, white and blue."



